THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

B. R. COWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.] "HE WHO LOVES NOT HIS COUNTRY CAN LOVE NOTHING." [TERMS $1,50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

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POETRY.

For the Belmont Chronicle.

LINES. .....By Rose Elwood.

I dearly love to ramble,
Among the wildwood bowers;
To view the varied scen'ry,
And cull the sweetest flowers.
To trace the winding streamlet,
That murmuring glides along;
To climb among the steep rocks,
And hear the wild birds' song.

Yet there are joys more lasting,
And dearer far to me,
Than rambles o'er the hillside,
Or down the grassy lea,
When daily toil is over,
And eve at length comes on,
Around the fire so cheerful
Has met a happy throng.

The wind without may whistle,
In angry blasts, and shrill,
The rain may fall in torrents,
And deluge vale and hill,
But all within is pleasant
Around the fire so bright,
For every face is cheerful,
And every heart is bright.

The father tells some story,
Of his own youthful years;
Or reads some fav'rite volume,
To eager, listening ears.
The youthful faces round him,
Grow bright as he proceeds;
For each one feels an int'rest,
In what he tells or reads.

And thus the hours fly swiftly,
In calm enjoyment pass'd,
Un heedful of the cold rain
Or the rude, chilling blast.
And when the evening closes,
A hymn of praise is sung.
To God the great Creator,
To whom all praise belongs!

A happy fireside picture
Though simple it may be,
Is exquisitely touching
And fraught with poetry.
I own 'tis very pleasant
Among the flowers to roam;
Yet still I'd choose in preference,
The calm delights of home.

Belmont Co. O. June 16th 1855.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BEN BOLT AND SWEET ALICE.

[The following is an attempt, by an unknown writer, to embody, in a brief story, the sentiment of that exquisite song of Thomas Dun English, "Ben Bolt." It is very fine for such an attempt, as such things generally fall very short of being worthy of their inspiration. This does not.]

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown;
Who blushed with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard, in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner, secluded and alone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone."

English.

1. "Don't you remember?" Are those three magic words—a key wherewith we may unlock the floodgates of the heart, and send the sweet waters of the past over the plains and down the hills of that fair land, known in our heart-experience as by-gone? Even so.—There rise before us visions of time when the bright, deep eyes of the young spring gazed shyly at us from beneath the ermined mantle of winter—when the blue violets stole their first tint from the blue sky above; when the cowslips of sunny May, and the golden-hearted buttercups first jewelled the slender blades of grass; and the hawthorn grew white with its blossoms; when we roamed the woods the whole of that long, warm, loveable June holiday, wearing garlands and listening to the concert of birds in that dark, mistleto-wreathed, oaken forest. There was one, in years gone, that prayed: "Lord, keep my memory green," and the clinging tendrils of our hearts go ever back yearningly to this prayer.

But green and fresh as the poet's prayer, had the heart of Ben Bolt been kept. From his early boyhood to the hour he sat by his old friend, and listened to the song of bygone days. Not "through a glass, darkly," did he review those scenes of the past, but it was the going back of the boy-heart to others of childhood.

There was the little old red school-house with its dusty windows, and desks that had been nicked many a time, trying pen-knives; its tall, stern-looking teacher, whose heavy voice caused the younger ones to tremble; its rows of boys and girls with their heads bent attentively downward to their books and slates. The wild winter wind sang and whistled without, and some few childish hearts tried to find words for its mournful notes; they were too young and happy to know that it carried desolation and heart-ache in its wail, yet did they learn it in after days.

Then there came a few light, round snowballs, so tiny that it must have been the sport of the snow spirits, in their eldrich revels changing, by and by, to feathery flakes that danced about ever so gaily. How the children's eyes grew bright, as they looked at one another, and thought of the merry rides down the hill, and the snow-balling that would make the play ground ring again. The last lessons were said, books and slates put aside, and, in the place of the silence, reigned gay, glad voices. Kate Ashley shook back her pretty ringlets, and laughed through her sparkling eyes, as she gave Jamie Marvin that bit of curl he had teased so long for, because she knew Jamie had the prettiest sled in the whole school. Ah, a bit of a coquette was the same gleeful, romping Kate. And there was Sophie Dale, looking as demure as a kitten walking from a pan of new milk; and as playful as a kitten, too, was she, in spite of her quiet looks; and the stately Elizabeth—Queen Bess they called her—and I question if England's Queen had a haughtier carriage. But apart from those who were eagerly looking for friends to take them home stood Alice May—sweet Alice. Very beautiful and lovable was she with her winsome, childish face, blue eyes, and soft brown curls. She was so delicate and fragile, you might almost fancy her a snow child or a lost fairy babe.

Nearly all the children had departed, amid the joyful shouts and jingling of bells, but yet the sweet little child stood alone, until a rich, boyish voice startled her by saying:

"No one goes your way, Alice, do they?"

"No, I guess not, Ben," she replied, in her fine bird-like tones.

"Let me carry you home."

"O, no, I am too heavy to be carried so far;" and she laughed low and sweetly.

"Heavy! no, you're just like thistle down or a snowflake, Ally; I could carry you to England and back again, without being at all fatigued;" and he tossed the little girl in his arms.

"No, no, let me go; the boys will laugh at you, Ben; and she struggled.

"What do I care! They may laugh at Ben Bolt as much as they like;" and the brave boy drew himself up proudly, and pushed the chestnut curls from his broad fair forehead; "but I did not mean to frighten you, Alice," he continued, as he saw how the little girl trembled.

So, she put on her bonnet and cloak, and Ben took her in his arms as if she had been a bird, while the tiny little thing nestled down on his shoulder, as he went stumbling through the snow, saying gay, pleasant things that made the shy little girl laugh; and when at length, he opened her mother's cottage door, he stood her on the floor, saying:

"There, Mrs. May, I brought Alice home, lest she should get buried in a snow bank; she's such a weeny little thing; " and before Mrs. May could thank him, he was out of sight.

What a brave, glorious snow storm it was though. The boys built a great snow house dipping the chunks of snow in the water, to harden them, so they might last longer; and they rolled large snow balls for a pyramid until it was higher than the school-house.—They worked bravely; but the brightest face and pleasantest face among them was Ben Bolt's. Such rides as they had down the hill, and, though the larger boys and girls said Alice Mary was too little and cowardly to join them, because she felt fearful sometimes yet Ben Bolt held her in his arms, and away they went, merrily as any of the rest.

But the winter began to wane, and now and then a soft day would come, that lessened the pyramid and snow house materially. "Such a pity," they said, and wished winter would last always; but there was one little wren-like voice that prayed for violets and blue birds.

The pyramid tumbled down, the snow house grew thinner and thinner, and the boys jested about its being in a decline, till one day it disappeared—faded away, like so many of their childish hopes.

The glad spring came with its larks and daisies, and, one delightful day, the children went a Maying. Kate Ashley was queen, and a brilliant queen she was, too. But Ben Bolt gathered white violets, and braided them in the soft curls of Alice, and told her she was sweeter, dearer than a thousand May queens like Kate. Child as she was, his words made the sunshine brighter, and lent enchantment to the atmosphere of her existence.

Then the long June days came, encircling the green earth with a coronal of roses, and making it redolent with perfume; and, in the warm noontide hour, the children strolled to the foot of the hill, and, clustering together, told over their childish hopes of the future. Some were lured by ambition; some dreamed of quiet country reposes; some of gay city life; but there was one whose eye kindled, and whose young face flushed with enthusiasm, as he spoke of the sparkling blue waters and the brave ships that breasted them so gallantly.

Ben Bolt was going to sea. Captain Shirley, a generous, whole-souled being as ever trod the deck, was to take him under his protection the next five years. There were exclamations of surprise from the children; old haunts were visited and revisited; they sat down in the shade of the old sycamore, and listened to the musical murmur of the brook, and the dreamy hum of old "Appleton's mill;" exchanged keepsakes, and promised always to remember the merry, brave hearted boy whose home would be the wild blue ocean.

Alice May seldom joined them. She was so delicate and timid, and the thought of Ben's departure filled her eyes with tears, so she would steal away alone, fearful of the ridicule of her hardier companions.

But, one night, Ben came to Mrs. May's cottage to bid them good-bye. Alice stood by the window, watching the stars—wondering what made them so dim—never thinking of the tears that dimmed her eyes—as Ben told over his hopes so joyfully. She could not part with him there, so she walked through the little door-yard, and stood beside the gate, looking like a golden-crowned angel in the yellow moonlight; and when he told her over again how large she would be on his return; that he would not dare to call her his little Alice, then; as he looked back lingeringly, she laid a soft brown curl in his hand, saying:

"I have kept it for you this long, long time Ben; ever since the day you brought me home through the snow—do you remember!"

He did remember, and with one passionate burst of grief, he pressed the little girl to his bosom; and the brave-hearted boy sobbed the farewell he could find no words for.

But, five years are not always a life-time. True, it was such to the quiet, thoughtful Charlie Allen, whose large dark eyes had stolen brilliancy from his books; and the laughing little Bel Archer—both were laid to sleep in the old church-yard, where the night stars shone on their graves. Others were out to seek a future in the gay world, and some grew into miniature men and women by their own sweet firesides; but Alice May was still a child. Yet she was taller, and her slight form more gracefully developed; but there was the same angel looking through her eyes as had watched there in olden days. She staid at home now, to assist her mother in sewing—their chief support; but she was the same shy, sweet Alice that Ben Bolt had carried through the snow.

Ben Bolt had come back. How strange that five years should have passed so quickly and stranger still that this tall handsome sailor, whose voice was so full and rich, should be Ben Bolt. Kate Ashley was not thinking of the sweet Sabbath rest, as the chime of the church bell floated through the village; there she stood before her mirror, arranging her shining curls, and fastening her dainty bonnet, with its white ribbons and drooping blue bells, thinking, if she could not fascinate Ben with her sparkling eyes, it would be delightful to have his chief attention during the stay.

He thought she did look very beautiful, as he sat, before service, looking on the olden faces—but there was a fairer one than hers he fancied, as he saw the sweet face of Alice May, with the half-closed eyes, and long, golden-edged lashes, shadowing the pale cheek. He carried in his bosom a curl like the one nestling so softly by her temple, and it was a talisman, keeping him from the enchantment of other eyes.

When the service was closed, Ben was thronged about by old familiar faces—they had so much to say, so many things to speak of, so much to express at his safe return, that it well nigh bewildered him. It was very pleasant to be so warmly welcomed by old friends, delightful to chat of by-gones and it was indeed a Sabbath of joy for Ben Bolt.

Sweet Alice! Ah, how long and weary the time had been to her. Sometimes her heart died within her, as she thought of the broad ocean; but when she looked so shyly at Ben that morning, and saw how handsome he had grown, a heart sickness came over her, and the sunshine fell but dimly at her feet. She knew she had hidden away, in the depths of her pure heart, a wild earthly love, and she strove to put it from her; for, would he think of her now! So it was no wonder she should slip her slender hand in her mother's and steal quietly from the joyous throng.

It was Sabbath eve—one of those balmy, moonlight evenings of the young summer; Mrs. May had gone to visit a sick neighbor and Alice sat by the window with the bible open, and her slender white fingers pointing to the words, falling so musically from her lips:

"And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever."

She looked tremblingly up in the moon light, for close behind her knelt the manly form of Ben Bolt. There was told a sweet story of love and hope, not the less sweet for being the language of every human heart, and the tiny hands of Alice were folded in his as she said, very low and sweetly:

"If I live, Ben, when five years more have passed, and you return a second time—"

She did not finish it—it was never finished

So they plighted their troth that calm, holy Sabbath evening, and the buoyant heart of Ben, in its gushing sunniness, pictured radiant hopes for the future. He was so young and full of vitality—every pulse of his heart was beating gladly, and the coming five years were more precious to him than all the past.

"If we both live, Ben, God will have us in his holy keeping," she said in answer to his parting words; but, as he pressed her convulsively to his beating heart, he replied:

"God will be merciful to those who love so dearly, Alice, darling."

She knew it, but she knew, also, that God did not always hear the prayer falling from the hopeful lips. Sweet Alice. Adown the future she looked tremblingly, and, as she saw the fragile form and spiritual face, with white lilies braided in the soft brown hair, her eyes grew dim with tears, for she knew not if it was a bridal or a burial, for close beside the altar was the grave-yard.

They were not wanting who wondered at Ben Bolt's choice, and thought it strange he should take Alice May in preference to the fairest and wealthiest. Some there were who held their heads loftily when they passed her, but her heart was on the blue waters, and she heeded it not.

How she watched the days in their passing. She noted how the summer waned—how the field of waving grain grew yellow in the sunlight—she heard the glad voices of the reapers; and when the leaves were falling, the children went out gathering in the woods; then the noiseless snow fell, and lay on the hill side as in olden days, until the genial spring-tide sun melted it away, and the violets and harebells dotted the fields. So passed a year.

She was growing fairer and more beautiful—too brilliant for anything earthly. Once she knelt at the altar in the little church and listened to the words uniting her with the Savior's redeemed on earth; but it was only an outward form, for her heart had long been in the keeping of angels. Again she watched the waning of the summer days, and, when the soft wind swept over the silvery rye fields she thought of the ocean star, with its broad waves. All through the winter day she grew more spiritual in her beauty, and the slender white hands were often folded on her breast, and she prayed for those who would soon be left desolate; for she knew she was dying.

It did not startle her; she had felt long ago that the fair green earth would hold her pulseless heart, ere it had left the cloister of girlhood. Life was sweet and beautiful, yet, in her sinlessness, death had no agony, save her sorrow for those left in loneliness. It was only a very little way to the land of rest and her feet had never grown weary; yet she longed to look once more upon the flowers and have them braided in her hair; and so she lingered till the voice of spring was heard on the hill-tops.

One morning, when viewless hands were gathering back the misty curtains of the night, and the stars grew dim in the glory of early morn, sweet Alice stood on the threshhold of Paradise, and the golden gates were opened to the fair, meek girl. There trembled on her lips a prayer and blessing for Ben Bolt, and her mother, giving radiance to the fair dead face; and they braidded spring flowers in her brown hair.

The church bell chimed softly to the few years earth had claimed the stainless soul of Alice May, as they brought the coffin in the little old church. How beautiful she looked in her white burial robe—too fair and sweet for death—too holy, had there not been a resurrection beyond. Close behind her stood the friends of her girlhood, gazing on that young face, as if they would fain call her back to life and its sweet love. So they laid sweet Alice to sleep in the old church-yard, and those who had looked coldly on her, took to their sorrowing hearts a sweet memory of the early dead.

There was an agony too deep for utterance when the strong, ardent-hearted man, whose guiding star had been the love of that sweet girl, came back, to find the cottage home desolate, and Alice sleeping beneath a gray stone in the church yard.

But God and Time are merciful; and, as years passed away, he came to think of her as garlanded in the golden fruitage of the Edenland.

This was the memory that his friend sang of, as they sat in the summer twilight, years afterward, and talked of the faces that had glimmered and faded in their early pathway. Now, of all the glad hearts childhood had clustered together, only they two were left. Some slept in the jungle depths; others in the forest shade, and beneath the waving prairie grass. Some there were who slept peacefully in the green old church-yard, and among these, the fairest and best was "sweet Alice." Ah, he could never have forgotten that.

He had heard from the lips of that desolate mother, ere she went to sleep beside her darling, how patient and holy Alice had grown; how she had passed calmly away in her saint-like beauty; leaving messages that a fond yearning heart could only dictate.—Down in his heart, deeper than any other earthly thing, he had lain them, cherishing their beauty and greenness. Many a time had the spirit form of sweet Alice risen before his eyes in all the beauty of that far off land he saw but so dimly, and he knew when the thing we call life had merged into immortality, he should met her again.

Years afterward they laid Ben Bolt to sleep by the side of sweet Alice.

Newark, N. J., 1852.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

To Drive Away Rats.—A few drops of creosote on brown paper, put in the holes of rats, will drive them away. Nux vomica and oat meal is a sure poison.

Churning.—In churning butter, if small granules of butter appear, which do not "gather," throw in a lump of butter, and it will form a nucleus, and the butter will "come."

Solvent for Old Putty.—When it is necessary to remove glass from the old sash, take a common pencil brush, dip it in nitric or muratic acid, and draw it over the putty two or three times. This will speedily destroy the cohesion of the putty, and enable you to remove the glass without the assistance of chisels or any other sharp edged tool.

Extract of Peach Blossom.—Take of pure balsam of peru, one and a half pounds, and a like quality of the essence of bitter almonds; rectified spirits of wine, three pints; spirits of orange flowers, one pint; spirits of jessamine, one-fourth of a pint. Macerate. This mixture is very odorous. —*Germantown Tel.*

Gloss on Linen.—To restore the gloss commonly observed on newly purchased collars and shirt bosoms, add a spoonful of gum-arabic water to a pint of starch, as usually made for this purpose. Two ounces of clear gum-arabic may be disolved in a pint of water, and after standing over night, may be racked off, and kept in a bottle ready for use.

Whitewashing.—As this is the season of house cleaning and whitewashing; we will give our readers a hint that may be valuable to them. It is in relation to making whitewash. This article, as ordinarily made, rubs off the walls after it becomes dry, soiling clothes and everything coming in contract with it. This may be obviated by slackening the lime in boiling water, stirring in meanwhile, and then applying—after dissolving in water white vitriol (sulphate of zinc) in the proportion of four pounds to the barrel of whitewash, making it the consistency of rich milk. The sulphate of zinc will cause the wash to harden, and prevent the lime from rubbing off. A pound of white salt should also be thrown into it.—*Allen Farmer.*

☞ Barnum's Baby Show closed on Saturday last. The aggregate receipts of the five days it was open amounted, it is said, to $17,394.

An Eloquent Speech.

The first week in June was "anniversary week" in Boston, when the various religious denominations of New-England held their annual gatherings, to enjoy social converse, and to employ their energies for the promotion of the principles they love. On Thursday afternoon the Universalist held their festival at the old "cradle of liberty," Faneuil Hall. About 1,000 persons partook of the magnificent entertainment.

After the dinner was finished, sentiments and speeches were the order of the day. Among the orators, Rev. E. H. Chapin, of New York, was conspicuous. But, we think [*the* beautiful and eloquent speech of the occasion was delivered by the Rev. N M. Gaylord, of Boston. We copy it as an admirable and just tribute to the West, and as one of the finest efforts of the kind we have ever read. The opening paragraphs are peculiarly appropriate and beautiful. He spoke to the following sentiment:

The West—Broad and fertile in her prairies, may she always be broad in *principle* and rich in *sentiment*.

Rev. N. M. Gaylord, of Boston, late of Columbus, Ohio, responded. He said,—I understand, sir, that it is the law of this occasion that no man shall decline the honor conferred by the Committe, when through you they command him to speak. And yet there are few occasions when, and no place where a man of moderate abilities would more manifest prudence by silence than on a day like this. It strikes me that *Faneuil Hall* is the last place on the American continent for one to air his fancy rhetoric and his holiday oratory in; for without faith in modern spiritualism we may imagine the vast room filled with august shadows; the spirits of the mighty men of old, who on other than festival days came here and made speeches that were eloquent indeed—speeches that caused revolutions—speeches that were more than 'half battle'—speeches that the spirit of truth and justice inspired and bore abroad on the winds to freeze the hearts of tyrants with a stranger terror and fire the fainting souls of freemen with new and prophetic hopes.

Now, sir, it is an uncomfortable thought that, in addition to this critical audience in the flesh, these majestic phantoms may be flitting about this their favored haunt. They I fear, will hear with impatience the crudities and common-places of an ordinary after dinner speech, and especially so as they must still be under the spell of enchantment cast upon them and us, by him of New-York, who has just made the Old Cradle to rock as in days of yore—filling the venerable shrine with eloquence almost if not altogether equal to their own. (Great applause.)

But you ask me to respond to a sentiment in honor of the West. The duty is a grateful one; for the best memories of my life are associated with that great Western land.—What the valley of the Saco, the green banks of the Kennebec, the granite hill country, and the wooded slopes of Vermont, contain for many of this company, the Western country holds for me—the one most sacred of all earth's acres—the place of birth. There are the scenes of childhood's joys and griefs.—There is the homestead and the household gods of youth; the ruins of the log school house that stood on the village green, shadowed by a single gnarled, many ringed oak; and there are those other trees, (and who does not remember trees), wide branchings hanging over the deep places in the brook, (it seemed then a very Amazon and a Mississippi) and where, among the mossy roots, the boy would lay and forget to watch his fishing-line, —being intent upon visions of glory that went by with the sailing summer clouds, or sending up through the whispering boughs, when the gloaming had come, vague longings and aspirations—asking in vain of the twilight stars why manhood lingered so long, and what it would bring when it came, and when the supreme joy of life would be gained.

And there in the West is the village church, where from the lips of the sainted Rogers—the quaint, contemplative, genial hearted scholar, and the accomplished dialectican,—and from Pingree a man without guile—a soul all alive with love of truth and of his kind—in private life as gentle and sweet tempered as Fenelon, in the pulpit and in debate as impetuous and impassioned and terrible as Knox—from these evangelists I did first hear proof of that faith which alone leads to the supreme good. They gave me an answer to the most vexed and vexing questions touching the present and the future—gave me a key to unlock all the enigmas of life—put a golden thread into my hand, which leads from the darkest and most intricate labyrinths into the radiance of an eternal day. They taught me a religion which harmonizes reason and faith, and answers all cavil against God and his rule, by proving that all evil is partial, and that all partial evil is universal good.

I have heard to-day a son of New England speak with pride of the land of his fathers. His complaisancy is natural and commendable. We allow the Esquimaux and the Bushman to boast of their native soil, and we thank kind nature that she has made her surroundings as dear and pleasant to them, as his Alps and his valleys to the Switzer.—May not a man, then, be proud of his birthland, when it is such a land as this New England, or that good country, there far off beyond the Alleghanies?

I wish, sir, I could speak in fitting praise, or indicate even a thousandth part of its glories and its blessings. Your toast expresses the wish that he may ever be a correspondence in the physical capacities and resources of the West, and in the principles and sentiments of her people. Devoutly do I say, Amen! and I point you to her history for proof that such have been and are her tendencies. That is indeed too broad a land for the success of narrow and restrictive policies. Those who shape her destiny when they attempt to put upon her the bonds that may not be out of place and character in small and confined communities, must feel rebuked for their narrowness of spirit by the majestic scenes around them. A country so vast as that—with fields wide and fruitful enough to grow the bread of the world—rivers and lakes that could float its commerce—forests of woods, and mines of coal that can feed its fires—in short, a land with resources equal to the demands of more than one hundred millions of men, can never be the fit scene for the working of proscriptive, partial and exclusive systems—political, social and religious. And so her statesmen and her people, I think, feel.

The West is the last and dearest hope of the over-worked and under-fed millions of white slaves, driven by the cruelties of European dynasties and the unjust legislation, instigated by capital and corporate interests of the older States of the Republic—out from the homes of childhood. To the West they must go to find true freedom and independence, political and personal.

The West has, indeed, boundless physical resources, but I assure you, sir, she is conscious that Nations and States are weak indeed if they have none other than large material possessions. She knows that the test of a people's strength is not their ability to amass wealth, but the uses to which they put their money and means. She knows that by the strength of principles, and the generosity and elevation of sentiment, possessed by a people, they can alone be judged and shown worthy or worthless.

What, then, are the principles of that people! Look, if you please, at that noble band of States over which the Ordinance of '87 was extended, and which consecrated their soil to freedom and the fruits of unshackled honest industry forever. The heart of the great West is there in the band of States.—There at no very distant day must be the seat of American Empire, and from thence must the destinies of our Nation be controlled.

Now these States are already strong in these principles of freedom, and truth, and justice, which are the element of the best known political and social States. They are free States; they have schools, colleges, churches, scientific and literary associations. Ohio has a school law as liberal as that of Massachusetts. Men and women, who never were forty miles away from Boston, sometimes speak of the Western people as outside barbarians. Why, sir, they are a civilized people; highly civilized, and as an evidence of their advancement in the higher arts of civilized life, it is enough to remind you that they furnish such lecturers as Chapin and King some of their most appreciative and discriminating audiences.

There is my native Ohio. I am proud of her. She is a Queen among the Empires around her. I am proud of her material power, and influence. But she has not only strength, but beauty. She exhibits not only the strength of a mighty giant—she is, though but a half of century from her birth, already rich in the grace of cultivated intellect What could I not say to the praise of Western genius, had I the time.

Why, sir, who was it that won from an English Review—high authority in critical circles, and chary of its praise—the splendid compliments, that she was the most original among all poets of America! Who but Alice Carey—an Ohio girl!—(Applause.) And there is Hiram Powers, whose cunning hand boldly took up the gage thrown to the moderns by the old sculptors, and his beautiful 'Slave,' the 'Eve,' and the 'Fisher Boy,' have challenged comparison with the Greek and Italian masterpieces. (Applause.) He too, is of Ohio growth, And there is Thomas Ewing, a man of ponderous, yet acute legal intelligence, acknowledged by the Supreme Court of the United States, the only man fit to weare the robes of Webster in their presence. (Applause.)

And yet again. There is in Ohio one of the most fascinating, popular orators of modern times—now, alas! ingloriously silent, and sublimely indifferent to the calls of fame. A man as witty as Sheridan, as imaginative as Burke, and if need be as logical as Brougham; as succinct and clear in the statement of principles, and frequently as classic in diction as Wendell Phillips, while often rivaling in impassioned declamation the "prodigal splendor" of Choate, a man who has wasted in the county court and in the trial of petty cases eloquence enough, if exhibited on a large field and in great causes, to have given him a reputation equal to Erskine's or Williams Wirt's. I refer, sir, *Thomas Corwin*. (Applause.)

Allow me one word of the West, as a great power in the nation. I said that there would soon be the seat of empire. But there, I respectfully submit will be found something better than the seat of the Capitol—there will be the seat of that conservative power necessary to the permanence of the Republic. The men who are to save the Union—*if that should ever really be in danger*—will be, not the brokers of wall street, nor the merchant, princes of State street, but the men of the West—the mighty thousands of voters who must hold the balance of power itself, at the polls. The farmers mechanics, traders—the greater multitude of workers who show that labor is cursed without liberty, and that liberty is insecure with out union—these will be the Union savers. (Applause.)

As that great man said, on the occasion of that picture above your head, is, designed to commmorate, [Webster's reply to Hayne]—'There is Boston and Concord, and Lexington and Bunker Hill—and there they will remain forever,' so say I of that great Northwest—there it is, and there it will remain forever,—and when faction is rite—when the memory of Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and Yorktown, shall fail to still the mad passions of the blind North and the blinder South, & armed hands from the *sections* shall prepare to march—then from the *center* of the land shall come a power to bind them both, or send them back with unstained hands to their homes. It is the *Genius* of the Great West who, when they shall have become really belligerent will take both Garrison and Gen. Quattlebum by the throat, and holding them apart with giant arms, let them glare with impotent rage upon each other, or, what is better, like a great Pacificator, induce them to repeat in concert the magic words written in gold upon that wall,—'*Liberty and Union, one and inseparable!*'

(Prolonged applause.)

HORACE GREELEY IN PRISON

WHAT HE THINKS OF IT.

The last steamer from Europe brought the intelligence that *Horace Greeley* had been imprisoned. Persons familiar with the workings of our Government for some years past supposed that the next thing would a demand for reparation for the insult from the French Government. But *Horace Greeley* acts just as different from other people while in a French debtor's prison as he does while in New York City—so, instead of raising a hullaballoo about the matter he endorses a history of the whole transaction to the *Tribune*. He writes with the most admirable *sang froid*, and as if the imprisoment was got up for his especial amusement. We make some extracts from his very funny letter which we give below. Horace, more than ever, deserves the name of philosopher, for we venture the assertion that there lives not ten men in all Uncle Sam's dominions who would have taken matters as coolly as he did.

—Ed Chronicle.

No. 70 Rue de Clichy, Paris, June 3, 1855.

Most proverbs are hyperbolical; not so that which affirms that "one half the world don't "know how the other half lives." This is not merely true, but a good deal inside of the truth. We visit scores of people, feast with them, dance with them, buy and sell with them; yet of how very few we really know how they live? Just think of us travelers, for instance, whose displays of our ignorance are only more conspicuous and empatic than those of other people—what do we know as to the real manner of life of the nations we write about! To realize how much ignorance may be crowded into a 12mo., open almost any volume of recent travels. Think of a Frenchman or German whisked through the United States, steaming up a few rivers and over a half dozen railroads, taking breakfast in New-York, dinner (in twenty minutes) at Utica, tea at Buffalo, and on the strength of three months of such racing and as many weeks spent among his particular friends (mainly foreigners of course) in two or three of the great seaports, undertaking to tell Europe what sort of people we are and how we live! Fairly considered, the mere audacity of the attempt challenges amazement if not admiration.

I had been looking *at* things if not *into* them for good many years prior to yesterday. I had climbed mountains and descended into mines, had groped in caves and scaled precipices, seen Venice and Cincinnati, Dublin & Mineral Point, Niagara and St. Gothard, and really supposed I was approximating a middling outside knowledge of things in general. I had been chosen defendant in several libel-suits, and been flattered with the information that my censures were deemed of more consequence than those of other people, and should be paid for accordingly. I had been through twenty of our states, yet never in a jail outside of New York, and over half Europe yet never looked into one. Here I had been seeing Paris for the last six weeks, visiting this sight, then that, till there seemed little remaining worth looking at or after—yet I had never once thought of looking into a debtor's prison. I should probably have gone away next week, as ignorant in that regard as I came, when circumstances favored me most unexpectedly with an inside view of this famous "Mansion de Detention" or Prison for Debtors, 70 Rue de Clichy. I think what I have seen here, fairly told, must be instructive and interesting, and I suppose others will tell the story if I do not—and I don't know any one whose opportunities will enable him to tell it so accurately as I can. So here goes:

But first let me explain and insist on the important distinction between inside and outside views of a prison. People fancy they have been in a prison when they have by courtesy been inside of the gates; but that is properly an outside view—at the best the view accorded to an outsider. It gives you no proper idea of the place at all—no access to its *penetralia*. The difference even between this outside and the proper inside view is very broad indeed. The greenness of those who don't know how the world looks from the wrong side of the gratings is pitiable. Yet how many reflect on the disdain with which the lion must regard the bumkin who perverts his goadstick to the ignoble use of stirring said lion up? or how many suspect that the grin wherewith the baboon contemplates the human ape who with umbrella at arm's length is poking Jocko for his doxy's delectation, is one of contempt rather than complacency! Rely on it, the world seen here from behind the gratings is very different in aspect from that same world otherwise inspected.—Others may think so—I *know* it. And this is how:

I had been down at the Palace of Industry and returned to my lodgings when a little before 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, four strangers called for me. By the help of my courier I soon learned that they had a writ of arrest for me at the suit of one Mons. Lechesne, sculptor, affirming that he sent a statue to the N. Y. Crystal Palace Exhibition, at or on the way to which it had been broken, so that it could not be (at all events it had not been) restored to him—wherefore he asked of me, as a Director and representative of the Crystal Palace Association, to pay him "douze mille francs," or $2,500. Not happening to have the change, and no idea of paying this demand if I had it, I could only signify those facts; whereupon they told me that I was under arrest, and must go along, which I readily did. We drove circuitously to the